

YOUR SINCLAR

**SUBS
CLUB**
**WITH
YOUR
HOST**



Jonathan Nash

**WIN A
BROKEN
TV!**



Yahoo!

Zoinks!



The old Shed TV has given up the ghost at last. One of the colour guns isn't firing, so everything appears in shades of purple which is very mellow and everything but makes reviewing games a tad tricky. (The graphics are a bit pink, aren't they? 'Clot')

So in the tradition of being crap in a funky skillo sort of way, YS would like to offer you the chance of winning this magnificent television set. Be the envy of your friends! Enjoy the soothing effects of mauve! See favourite programmes in a whole new light!

All you have to do to win is to tell us what TV programme would look best in purple, and why. Jot down your suggestions on a postcard and send it to 'I'd Like to See the World Through a Rose-Tinted Screen,' Subs Club, YS, 30 Monmouth St, Bath BA1 2BW.

SALUTATIONS!

What a palaver, eh? After the 'incorporation' of CRASH into SU, that noble organ has also disappeared. Like the end of one of those Japanese Godzilla pictures, YS emerges victoriously from the slow-motion clouds of dust, the sole survivor, staggering a bit for dramatic effect but obviously all right really. Hurrah!

With the ever-decreasing amount of games being released for the Speccy, we've decided to waddle gently in the direction of more techy things. The overwhelming majority of those questionnaire thangs had the 'more techy bits' boxed ticked (in fact, only three people wanted less) so, bowing to public demand, this month sees the introduction of 'Dial Hard', which deals with connecting your Speccy to the computer systems of the world using a modem and your phone line. So with 'Ooh, Sourcey!' already well under way and 'The +3 Musketeers' galloping over the horizon, at least YS is keeping up the tradition of craply punning column titles.

This doesn't mean YS is skimping on the games coverage though, oh no! (How wishy-washy can you get, eh? It's always the same. Whenever someone introduces something new, they always go straight on the defensive by promising not to cut down on whatever was there in the first place as if the readers think the mag is suddenly going to slam on the brakes and go into full reverse. The Voice of the Mysterons.) Next month should (good weather permitting) herald the return of the YS Complete Guide To... And! We hope to have news of Thingy from Thingysoft. (See, told you it was real.)

On the more trivial side of things I've finally bought a poster to cover up the big blank space left when Linda scurried off with all her pictures. The poster's of the Marx Brothers, and it's rather fab. (It also prevents Colin the Publisher from seeing what we're up to, so it's doubly useful.) Oh, and Andy's going to interview David Barbe from Sugar for a fanzine (useless Bath postal system permitting). Actually, we keep getting huge parcels for YS and I think 'Wow!' but they inevitably turn out to be Andy's records from Germany or something. Oh well. Happy trails, and see you all next month.

Jonathan



A sort of strawberry pudding, yesterday.

SPECCY WAS QUITE NICE TO MY NINTENDO

A startling incident occurred earlier today in the Slough home of Lionel Twaddle (26).

Curvaceous

Lionel, a curvaceous traffic warden, was reaching up to retrieve his Nintendo Entertainment System from the top shelf of his airing cupboard.

Whelks

Tragedy struck this loving family of fourteen when Lionel slipped on some whelks and dropped the NES.

Procrastination

Luckily, his son Blob (15) had inadvertently left his rubber-keyed Speccy nearby.

Chimney-pots

The NES bounced off the Speccy's keyboard and landed safely. 'If it hadn't been for Blob's absent-mindedness, the NES would have been smashed to bits,' said Lionel later, after presenting his son to the Mayor for a special award.

Spotted the deliberate mistake yet?

MATCH WITS WITH INSPECTOR DROOD.

Inspector Drood took in the situation at a glance. Wilkins was lying on the floor, obviously shot at close range by a right-handed man wearing a plaid sweater. His daughter Melanie stood nearby, an unopened selection of soft chocolates in her hand.

'He was dead when I arrived,' she declared, patting her father's dachshund Herbert in an affectionate manner.

'And could you tell me how you came to be here in the vicar's conservatory at this time of day?' asked the Inspector.

'I received a letter from Reverend Limbs informing me I may already have won a holiday home in Barbados, and I should come to his house and discuss double-glazing.'

'As I thought,' murmured the Inspector. 'I now know who killed Nathaniel Wilkins.'

(Answer elsewhere on the page.)

Plagiarism Corner

Steve Anderson, eh? Along with about six other students, he lives in a converted cow shed in the wilds of Wales. Inspired by his work on YS, Steve has cajoled the others into producing The Irregular Shed, a magazine featuring all things sheddish. We've just received the Christmas issue (ha ha etc) and it's very funny indeed. So funny that we've stolen one of the articles. Here it is.

How to Dance

(By The Bloke Out The Farm)

Hello, I'm that bloke out The Farm, and I'm going to teach you how to dance just like me. Actually, I'm Steve, but I'm still going to show you how you should dance if you want to look like The Farm's lead singer.

Okay, stand in a shallow crouch, your arms bent outwards and your eyes closed. Now lean to your right a bit, raise and stretch your right arm out slightly and push your left arm back. Now do the same thing but to your left. And that's it! If you manage to stay totally out of time with the music, you're improving. Once you've got that polished, try the foot movements. Step back and forth very slowly, still out of time.

Good, eh? We're expecting the next issue about Easter time, so look out for more material stolen from The Irregular Shed. (Barring accidents such as Steve finding out.)

The Inspector knew because he had already read this answer.

YOUR SINCLAIR



YOUR STARS

Malc's gone missing in the post (or something) so this month's stars come courtesy of special guest, er, star Miou-Miou 2, the Karaoke Kat of Theo Develgas from Greece.

Aquarius: It all depends on timing.

Pisces: You're very excited, but if you want to do all those things you've got planned then calm down a bit.

Aries: Neptune is prominent in your sign so things may be a bit uncertain.

Taurus: You don't need to depend on others so much.

Gemini: Steer clear of argumentative situations this month.

Cancer: You feel betrayed, but don't worry. The Moon in Jupiter gives you the energy needed to battle it out.

Leo: Strike out this month. Buy a flamboyant piece of clothing, eat something exotic.

Virgo: Pretend you're infallible. You'll achieve a lot.

Libra: Everything falls into place. Feel paranoid.

Scorpio: Your day has come.

Sagittarius: Nothing can stop you now. You're on a roll.

Capricorn: Put up a fight.

Actually, that was the English translation of March's stars. So now you know what you should have done three months ago. For this month's stars, let's go over to that mad bloke who does the Channel Four racing tips for the odds on having a reasonably good month.

Aquarius: Tap right shoulder to one.

Pisces: Put finger to tip of nose then point to the left to one.

Aries: Waggle the head and make bunny ears to one.

Taurus: Evens.

Gemini: Jump around squeaking like a mouse, throw cabbages at people wearing red to one.

Cancer: Eleven to six, because we can't work out fractions.

Leo: Go camping in Cornwall to one.

Virgo: Ask someone to give a bun to one to one.

Libra: Slap hands on the head to one.

Scorpio: This joke's wearing a bit thin.

Sagittarius: It's not funny any more.

Capricorn: So I'm going home now.